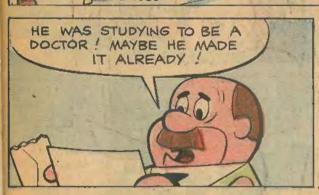


CORDLA THE LOVE CHARM LETTER FOR YOU, MR. PEEBLES, FROM YOUR NEPHEW, TONY! HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN AGES!



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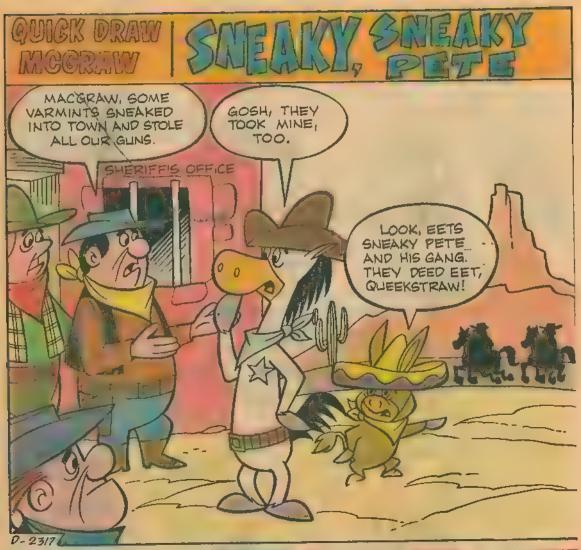




































































For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral.

Leo raised his hand. I told him to stand up and speak. And this is the question he asked of

me:
"If you feed a wild scallion to a wild stallion, vould be have bad breath?"

Of course Leo did his best not to laugh or gig-

ele when he spoke.

"Have you ever seen a wild scallion?" I re-'or'ed. ."I do not mean the bunch of scallions mother buys in the vegetable store. But three wild scallion. One that grows out in the wild. All by itself. Not another scallion around for miles. Tell me, Leo, have you ever seen such " " ild scallion?"

This wasn't exactly what Leo had expected me to reply. And I knew now I was master of the

situation. So I continued.

"And have you ever seen a wild stallion? Not one on TV or in the movies. But a true horse of the plains. The king of all the horses. Many a cowboy has dreamed of trying to capture this wild stallion. But the horse is too clever and too fast. That is why he is still very free. Now all we have to do is to get this wild stallion. Then get the wild scallion. And we have of course to figure out how to get the wild stallion to eat the wild scallion. But I think I can do this. An old Indian Chief by the name of Busibusi told me the secret. When it has all been accomplished, there is but one thing more to do. And that is for you, my brave Leo. Get very close to the mouth of that wild stallion. And then you can inform the class whether or not the result is bad breath. If you are unwilling to do this then, this shows you lack true courage. So go home and get some tame scallions. Cut them up. Put them in a dish with very fresh sour cream. And eat them."

With pride I will say that Leo was completely

bewildered. He sat down and never for the balance of the term did he try to ask me any riddles or puzzles. Or try to act like a "smart guy." He caught on to the fact that teacher does have more experience than a little boy of his

I rarely had a full lunch period for myself. Half of the time was taken away by my principal. Who assigned me either to "lunch room duty" or "play yard supervision." On this day

two nice little girls came over to me.

"There's a peculiar sign in the window of the store on the corner. We can't figure out what it means. Please look at it.

So I went with them to this store. Which was And the sign read: "Closed until I I admit this did puzzle me. Generally the stores closed during lunch time in our neighborhood. There would be a sign with a little clock on it. And it generally read: "Closed for an hour" or "Will open at 1:00."

I was curious. So after school I stepped into the store and spoke to the owner. He laughed.

"Logically a store is closed until it opens. I put that sign there and it has caused people to stop in front of my store. Maybe it has even helped me get some more customers. Anything I can sell you?

In my roll book for attendance was the name of the father of each student. With a notation of his occupation. Perry told me that his father was a gopher. I told him to look it up in the school dictionary. Which he did.

"I'll find out more for you tomorrow," he told me. "I will ask my dad."

The next morning his dad came with Perry to school and explained his work to me.

"Sort of a handy man in a printing shop. Whatever it is that they need they tell me to "go for So I figure that I am a "go-for." And that is what I told my son my occupation is. He got it mixed up with another word that sounds the same.

There you have it. Until our next meeting and I'll tell you more.





















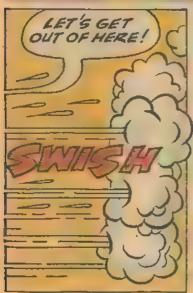














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